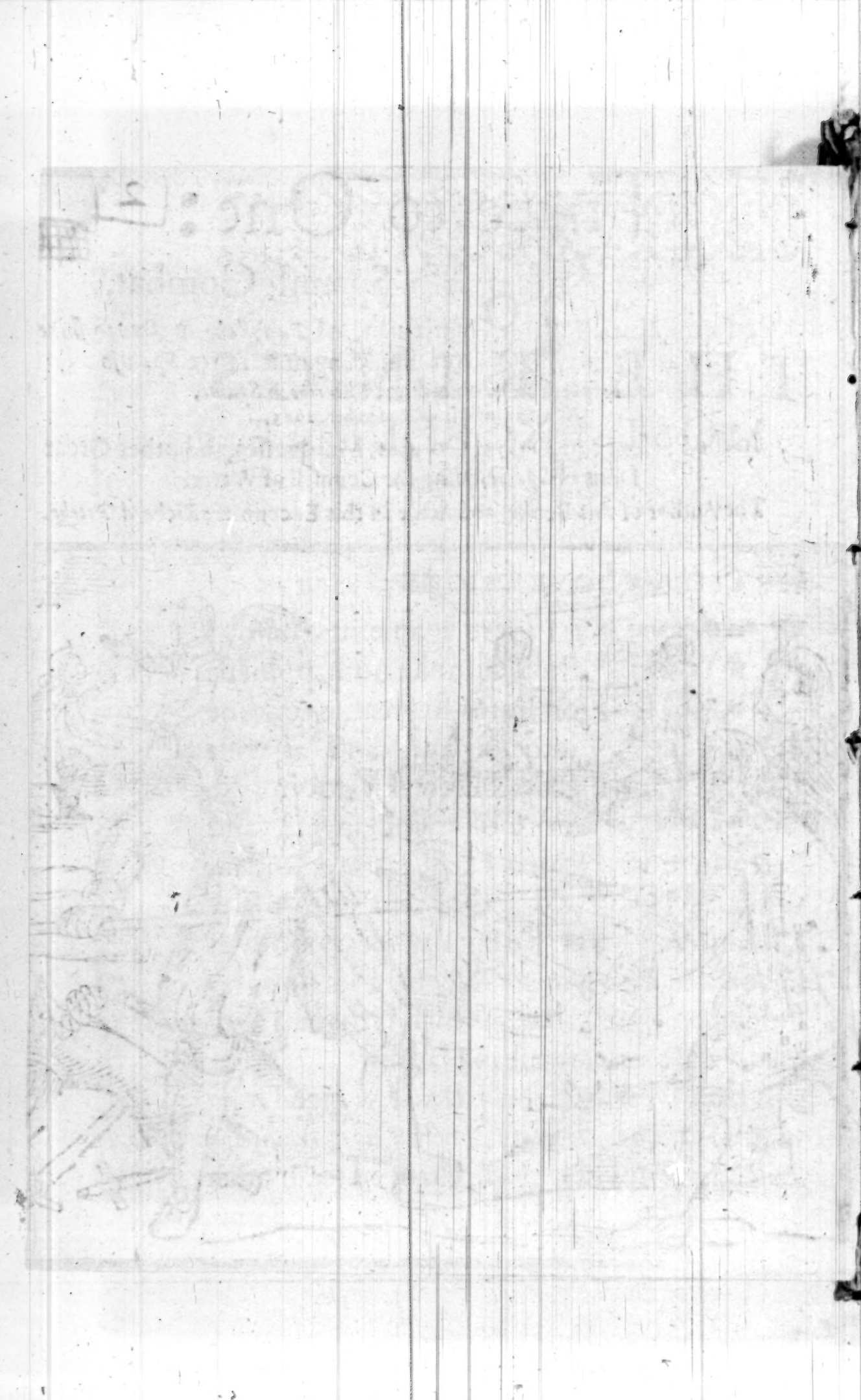
Three to One:

Being, An Engliſh-Spaniſh Combat,

Performed by a *Weſterne* Gentleman, of *Tauyſtoke* in *Deuon ſhire* with an Engliſh Quarter-Staffe, againſt Three *Spaniſh* Rapiers and Poniards, at *Sherries* in *Spaine*, The fifteene day of Nouember, 1625.

In the Preſence of Dukes, Condes, Marqueſſes, and other Great Dons of *Spaine*, being the Counſell of Warre.

The Author of this Booke, and Actor in this Encounter, *Richard Peeke*.



TO THE KINGS MOST EXCELLENT *Maieſtie.*

GRATIOVS SOVERAIGNE,

IF I were againe in *Spaine*, I ſhould thinke no happineſſe on Earth, ſo great, as to come into *England*, and at your Royall Feete, lay downe the Story of my Dangers, and Peregrination; Which I tell, as a late Sea-wrackt Man, (tos'd and beaten with many Miſſortunes;) Yet, ſetting my weary Body at laſt on a Bleſſed Shore: My Handes now lay hold vpon your Altar, which is to me a Sanctuary: Heere I am ſafe in Harbor.

That Pſalme of Kingly *Dauid*, which I ſung in my *Spaniſh* Captiuity, (*When as wee ſate in Babilon, &c.*) I now haue changed to an other Pſal. 137.

Tune; ſaying, (with the ſame Prophet, *Great*
Pſal. 86.13. *is thy Mercy towards me (O Lord,) for thou haſt deliuered my Soule from the loweſt Graue.* And, as your Maieſty hath bene gratiouſly pleaſed, both to let your poore Soldier and Subiect, behold your Royall Perſon, and to heare him ſpeake in his rude Language; So, if your Maieſty, vouchſafe to caſt a Princely Eye on theſe his vnhandſome Papers; New Sun-beames ſhall ſpread ouer him, and put a Quickning Soule into that Boſome, which otherwiſe muſt want Life, for want of your Comfort. Thoſe Graces, from your Excellent Clemency, (already receiued) being ſuch, that I am aſhamed, and ſorry, not to haue Endur'd, and to haue done more in Forreigne Countries, for the Honor of Yours; When from ſo High a Throane, my Souereigne Deignes to looke Downe, on a Creature ſo vnworthy, whoſe Life, he proſtrates before your Highnes.

Euer reſting, Your Maieſties
moſt Humble and Loyall Subiect,

RICHARD PEEKE.

Three to One:

Being,
An *Engliſh-Spaniſh* Combat.

Louing Countreymen; Not to weary you with long Præambles, vnneceſſary for you to reade, and troubleſome for me to ſet downe; I will come roundly to the matter; intreating you, not to caſt a malitious eye vpon my Actions, nor raſhly to condemne them, or to ſtagger in your Opinions of my performance, ſithence I am ready with my life to Iuſtify what I ſet downe; the Trueth of this Relation being Warrented by Noble Proofes, and Teſtimonies not to be queſtioned,

I am a *Weſterne Man*, *Deuonſhire* my Countrey, and *Tauiſtoke* my place of Habitation.

I know not what the Court of a King meanes, nor

nor what the fine Phraſes of ſilken Courtiers are: A good Shippe I know, and a poore Cabbin, and the Language of a Cannon: And therefore, as my Breeding has bin Rough, (ſcorning Delicacy:) And my Preſent Being conſiſteth altogether vpon the Soldier, (blunt, plaine, and vnpoliſhed;) ſo muſt my Writings be, proceeding from fingers fitter for the Pike then the Pen: And ſo (kinde Countreymen) I pray receaue them.

Neither ought you to expect better from me, becauſe I am but the Chronicler of my owne Story.

After I had ſeene the Beginning and End of *Argeires* Voyage, I came home, ſomewhat more acquainted with the World, but little amended in Eſtate; My Body more waſted and weather-beaten, but my Purſe neuer the fuller, nor my Pockets thicker lyned. *Argiers.*

Then, the Drumbe beating vp for a New Expedition, in which, many Noble Gentlemen, and Heroicall Spirits, were to venture their Honors, Liues, and Fortunes: Cables could not hold me, for away I would, and along I vowed to goe, and did ſo.

The Diſſigne opening it ſelfe at Sea for *Calez*, proude I was to be imployed There, where ſo many Gallants, and Engliſh Worthies, did by their Examples, encourage the Common Soldier to Honorable Darings. *Calez.*

The

An Engliſh-Spaniſh Combat.

The Shippe I went in, was called *The Connertine*, (one of the Nauy Royall:) The Captaine, *Thomas Portar.*

On the two and twentie day of October, being Saterday, 1625. our Fleete came into *Cales*, about three of the clock in the afternoone, we being in all, ſome hundred and ten Sayle. October 22. The Fleete came to *Cales*.

The Saturday-night, ſome ſixteene Sayle of the *Hollanders*, and about ten *White-Hall-Men* (who in *England* are called *Colliers*) were commanded to fight againſt the Caſtle of *Puntall*, ſtanding three miles from *Cales*, who did ſo accordingly, and diſcharged (in that Seruice) at the leaſt one thouſand ſixe hundred Shott. Fight at *Puntall*

On the Sunday morning following, the Earle of *Eſſex* going vp very early, and an hower at leaſt before vs to the Fight, commanded our Shippe (the *Connertine*, being of his Squadron) to follow him: The Caſtle playing hard and hotly vpon his Lordſhip. Earle of *Eſſex*

Captaine *Portar*, and the Maiſter of our Ship, (whoſe name is M. *Hill*,) hauing vpon ſight of ſo fierce an Encounter, an equall deſire to doe ſomething worthy themſelues, and their Countrey, came vp ſo cloſe to the Caſtle, as poſſibly Men in ſuch a danger either could, or durſt aduenture, and there fought bravely: The Caſtle beſtowing vpon vs a hotte ſalutation (and well becomming our approach) with Bullets; whoſe firſt Shot killd three of our Men, paſſing through Captaine *Portar*.

and through our Shippe, the ſecond killd foure, and the third two more at leaſt, with great ſpoile and battery to our Shippe: The laſt Shotte flying ſo cloſe by Captaine *Portar*, that with the winde of the Bullet, his very Hands had almoſt loſt the Sence of feeling, being ſtruck into a ſuddaine numbneſſe.

Vpon this, Captaine *Portar* perceiuing the danger wee, and our Shippe were in, commaunded a number of vs to get vpon the vpper Deck, and with our Small Shotte to try if we could force the Cannoneers from their Ordnance.

Wee preſently aduaunced our ſelues, fell cloſe to our worke, and plyed them with Pellets; in which hotte and dangerous Seruice, one Maſter *William Iewell*, behaued himſelfe both Manly and like a Noble Soldier, expreſſing much Valour, abillity of Body, and readineſſe; with whom, and ſome few more, I (amongſt the reſt) ſtood the brunt, which continued about three houres.

Mr. William Iewell, his Seruice.

Our Ship lay all this while with her Star-bord ſide to the Fort, who beating vs continually, with at leaſt two hundred Muskets, whoſe Bullets flew ſo thick, that our Shrowdes were torne in peices, and our Tacklings rent to nothing; and when ſhe came off, there were to be ſeene fiue hundred Bullets (at the leaſt) ſticking in her ſide: I, for my part (without vaine glory be it ſpoken) diſcharging at this time, ſome threeſcore and ten Shotte, as they recounted to me who charged my Peeces

500. Bullets in the Starboard ſide of our Shippe.

Peeces for me.

In the heate of this Fight, Sir *William Sentliger* (whether cald vp by my Lord of *Eſſex*, or comming of himſelfe, I know not) ſeeing vs ſo hardly beſett, and that we had but few Shotte vpon our Deck, in regard of the Enemies number, which played vpon vs, came with a Valient and Noble Reſolution, out of another Shippe into ours, bringing ſome fortie Soldiers with him, who there with vs, renued a ſecond Fight, as hotte, or hotter then the former: Where in this Fight, one of our Bullets was ſhotte into the mouth of a *Spaniſh* Cannon, where it ſticketh faſt, and putteth that Roarer to ſilence. Sir *William Sentliger.*

Vpon this Brauery, they of the Fort began to waxe calmer, and cooler: And in the ende, moſt part of their Gunners being ſlayne, gaue ouer ſhooting, but yeilded not the Fort vntill night.

Whilſt this Skirmiſh continued, a company of *Spaniards* within the Caſtle, by the aduantage of a Wall, whoſe end ietting out, they ſtill as they diſcharged, retired behinde it, ſauing themſelues, and extreamely annoying vs; I remooued into the Fore-Caſtle of our Shippe, and ſo plyed them with Haile-ſhotte, that they forſooke their ſtand.

What Men on our part were loſt (by their Small Shotte) I cannot well remember, but

sure I am, not very many: Yet the *Spaniards* afterwards, before the Gouernour of *Cales*, confest they lost about fifty, whose Muskets they cast into a Well, because our Men should not vse them, throwing the dead Bodies in after.

50 Spaniards slayne.

My Hurts and Bruises here receiued, albeit they were neither many, nor dangerous, yet were they such, that when the Fight was don, many Gentlemen in our Shippe for my encouragement, gaue me Money.

During this Battaile, the *Hollanders* and *White-Hall-Men*, you must thinke, were not idle, for their Great Peices went off continually, from such of their Shippes as could conueniently discharge, because our Shippe lay betweene them and the Fort; and they so closely plyed their worke, that at this Battery were discharged from the Ordnance, at least foure thousand Bullets.

4000 Bullets at the Battry of the Fort.

The Castle being thus quieted, (though as yet not yeilded) the Earle of *Essex*, about twelue at noone, landed his Regiment close by the Fort, the *Spaniards* looking ouer the Walles to behold them: Vpon sight of which, many of those within the Castle (to the number of sixe score) ran away; wee pursuing them with showtes, hollawings, and lowde noises, and now and then a Peice of Ordnance ouertooke some of the *Spanish Hares*,

Earle of *Essex* his Regiment Landed.

Spaniards ran from the Castle.

Hares, and ſtayed them from running farder.

Part of our Men being thus landed, they marched vp not aboue a flight ſhotte off, and there reſted themſelues. Then about ſixe at night the Caſtle yeilded, vpon compoſition, to depart with their Armes, and Collours flying, and no Man to offend them; which was performed accordingly.

Caſtle of *Puntall* yelded.

The Captaine of the Fort, his name was *Don Francisco Buſtamante*, who preſently vpon the deliuery, was carried aboard the Lord Generalls Shippe, where he had a Soldierly Welcome; And the next day, He, and all his Company were put ouer to *Port Reall*, vpon the mayne Land becauſe they ſhould not goe to *Cales*, which is an Iland.

Buſtamante, and his Men put ouer to *Port Reall*.

Monday. October 24.

On the Monday, hauing begun early in the morning, all our Forces, about noone were landed, and preſently marched vp to a Bridge, betweene *Puntall* and *Cales*; In going vp to which, ſome of our Men were vnfortunately and vnmanly ſurpriſed, and before they knew their owne danger, had there their Throates cutte; Some hauing their Braines beaten out with the ſtockes of Muskets; others, their Noſes ſl c'd off; whilſt ſome Heads were ſpurned vp & downe the Streets

On Monday all our Forces Landed.

like Footeballs, and ſome Eares worne in ſcorne in *Spaniſh* Hattes: For when I was in Priſon in *Cales*, (whether ſome of theſe *Spaniſh Picaroes* were brought in, for flying from the Caſtle,) I was an eye witneſſe, of *Engliſh* Mens Eares worne in that deſpightfull manner.

What the Forces being on Shore did, or how farre they went vp, I can not tell, for I was no Land-Soldier, and therefore all that while kept aboard: Yet about twelue of the clock, when they were marched out of ſight, I (knowing that other *Engliſh* Men had don the like the very ſame day,) ventered on Shore likewiſe, to refreſh my ſelfe, with my Sword only by my ſide, becauſe, I thought the late ſtormes had beaten all the *Spaniards* in, and therefore feared no danger.

Richard Peeke on Shore.

On, therefore, I ſoftly walked, viewing the deſolation of ſuch a Place, for I ſaw no body: Yet farre had I not gon from the Shore, but ſome *Engliſh* Men were come euen almoſt to our Shippes, and from certaine Gardens had brought with them many Oranges and Lymons.

The ſight of theſe, ſharpned my ſtomach the more to goe on, becauſe I had a deſire to preſent ſome of thoſe Fruites to my Captaine. Hereupon, I demanded of them, what danger there was in going? They ſayd, None, but that

that all was huſht, and not a *Spaniard* ſtirring.

We parted, they to the Shippes, I forward: And before I had reached a mile, I found (for all their talking, of no danger) Three *Engliſh*-Men ſtarke dead, being ſlayne, lying in the way, it being full of deepe Sandy pittes, ſo that I could hardly finde the paſſage, and one, ſome ſmall diſtance from them, not fully dead.

The groanes which he vttered, led me to him; and finding him lying on his belly, I called to him, and turning him on his back, ſaw his woundes, and ſayd; Brother, what Villaine has done this miſcheife to thee? He lamented in ſighes and dolefull lookes, and caſting vp his eyes to Heauen, but could not ſpeake. I then reſolued (and was about it) for Chriſtian Charities ſake; and for Countries ſake, to haue carried him on my back to our Shippes, farre off though they lay, and there (if by any poſſible meanes it could haue bin done,) to haue recouered him.

But my good intents were preuented; For on a ſodaine, came ruſhing in vpon me, a *Spaniſh*-Horſeman, whoſe Name, as afterward I was informed, was *Don Iuan of Cales*, a Knight; I ſeeing him make ſpeedily and fiercely at me, with his drawne weapon, ſuddenly whip'd out mine, wrapping my Cloake about mine Arme: Fiue or ſixe Skirmiſhes

wee

wee had, and for a pretty while, fought off and on.

A Fight betweene a Spaniſh Horſeman, and an Engliſh Foot-man.

At laſt, I getting with much adoe, to the top of a ſandy Hillock, the Horſeman nimbly followed vp after; By good Fortune to me, (though bad to himſelfe) he had no Petronell or Piſtolls about him; and therefore clapping Spurres to his Horſe ſides, his intent, as it ſeemed, was, with full careere to ride ouer me, and trample me vnder his Horſes feete: But a Prouidence greater then his Fury, was my Guard.

Time was it for me to looke about warily, and to lay about luſtely, to defend a poore Life ſo hardly diſtreſſed: As therefore his Horſe was violently breaking in vpon me, I ſtruck him into the eyes, with a flappe of my Cloake; vpon which, turning ſideward, I tooke my aduantage, and as redily as I could, ſtepping in, it pleaſed God, that I ſhould pluck my Enemy downe, and haue him at my Mercy, for Life, which notwithſtanding, I gaue him; He falling on his knees, and crying out in *French* to me: *Pardone moy Ie vous pree, Ie ſuie vn buon Chreſtien.* Pardon me Sir, I am a good Chriſtian.

The Horſeman diſmounted.

I, ſeeing him braue, and hauing a Soldiers minde to Rifle him, I ſearched for Iewels, but found, onely fiue Peices of Eight about him, in all amounting to twenty Shillings Engliſh.

Yet

Yet he had Gold, but that I could not come by; For, I was in haſt to haue ſent his *Spaniſh* Knight-hood home on Foote, and to haue taught his Horſe an *Engliſh* Pace.

Thus farre, my Voyage for Oranges ſped well, but in the end, prooued ſower Sawce to me. And it is harder to keepe a Victory, then to obteyne; So, heere it fell out with mine.

For, fourteene *Spaniſh* Muskatiers, ſpying me ſo buſy about one of their Countrey-men, bent all the Mouthes of their Peeces to kill me, which they could not well doe, without endangering this *Don Iohns* life; ſo that I was inforced (and glad I ſcap'd ſo too) to yeild my ſelfe their Priſoner.

True Valour (I ſee) goes not alwaies in good Cloathes; For, He whom before I had ſurprized, ſeeing me faſt in the ſnare, and (as the euent prooued) diſdaining that his Countrey men ſhould report him ſo diſhonored, moſt baſely, (when my handes were in a manner bound behind me) drew out his Weapon, (which the reſt had taken from me, to giue him) and wounded me through the Face, from Eare to Eare, and had there killd me, had not the fourteene Muskatiers reſcued me from his Rage.

An vngentle vnworthy baſe *Spaniard.*

Vpon this, I was led in Triumph, into the Towne of *Cales:* An Owle not more wondred and hooted at, a Dog not more curſed.

In my beeing ledde thus along the Streets, A *Flemming* ſpying me, cryed out alowde; Whither doe you leade this *Engliſh* Dogge? Kill him, kill him, hee's no Chriſtian. And with that, breaking through the Crowde, in vpon thoſe who held mee, ranne me into the Body with a Halbert, at the Reynes of my Backe, at the leaſt foure inches.

Wounded baſely by a *Flemming.*

One *Don Fernando*, an antient Gentleman, was ſent downe this Summer, from the King at *Madrill*, with Soldiers; But before our Fleete came, the Soldiers were diſcharged; They of *Cales*, neuer ſuſpecting that we meant to put in there.

A Noble *Spaniard.*

Before him, was I brought to be examined, yet few, or no queſtions at all, were demaunded of me, becauſe, he ſaw I was all bloudy in my Cloathes, and ſo wounded in my Face and Iawes, that I could hardly ſpeake: I was therefore committed preſently to Priſon, where I lay eighteene dayes: The Noble Gentleman, giuing expreſſe charge, that the beſt Surgeons ſhould be ſent for, leaſt, being ſo baſely hurt and handled by Cowards, I ſhould be demanded at his hands.

I being thus taken on the Monday, when I went on Shore, the Fleete departed the Friday following, from *Cales*, at the ſame time when I was there a Priſoner.

The Fleetes departure.

Yet, thus honeſtly was I vſed by my worthy

thy Friend Captaine *Portar*; He aboue my deſeruing, complayning, that he feared he had loſt ſuch a Man: My Lord Generall (by the ſolicitation of Maſter *Iohn Granuile*, Secretary to the Fleete) ſent three Men on Shore, to enquire in *Cales* for me, and to offer (if I were taken) any reaſonable Ranſome: But the Towne, thinking me a better Prize then (indeede) I was, denyed me, and would not part from me. The Lord Generalls loue.

Then came a Command to the *Teniente*, or Gouernor of *Cales*, to haue me ſent to *Sherrys*, (otherwiſe called *Xerez*,) lying three Leagues from *Cales*.

Wondrous vnwilling (could I otherwiſe haue choſen) was I to goe to *Sherry*, becauſe, I feared I ſhould then be put to Tortures.

Hauing therefore a Young man, (an *Engliſh* Man, and a Merchant, whoſe Name was *Goodrow*,) my fellow Priſoner, who lay there for Debt: and ſo I thinking there was no way with me but one; (That I muſt be ſent packing to my long home,) Thus I ſpake vnto him. *Goodrow* a Merchant, *Pikes* Fellow Priſoner in *Cales*.

Countrey-man, what my Name is, our Partnerſhip in Miſery hath made you know; And with it, know that I am a *Deuonſhire*-Man borne, and *Tauiſtock* the place of my once-abiding. I beſeech you, if God euer ſend you Liberty, and that you ſaile into *Eng-*

land, take that Countrey in your way; Commend me to my Wife and Children, made wretched by me, an infortunate Father, and Husband: Tell them, and my Friends, (I intreate you, for Gods cause) that if I be (as I suspect I shall be) put to Death in *Sherris*, I will dye a Christian Soldier, no way, I hope, dishonouring my King, Countrey, or the Iustice of my Cause, or my Religion.

Like Prisoner in *Sherrys.*

Anon after, away was I conueyed with a strong Guard, by the Gouernour of *Cales*, and brought into *Sherrys* on a Thursday, about twelue at night.

Two Friers sent to Confesse him.

On the Sunday following, two Friers were sent to me, (both of them being *Irish* Men, and speaking very good *English*;) One of them was caled *Padre Iuan*, (Father *Iohn.*) After a sad and graue Salutation; Brother (quoth he) I come in Loue to you, and Charity to your Soule, to Confesse you: And if to vs, (as your Spirituall Ghostly Fathers) you will lay open your Sinnes, wee will forgiue them, and make your way to Heauen, for to morrow you must dye.

I desired them, that they would giue me a little respite, that I might retire into a priuate Chamber, and instantly I would repaire to them, and giue them satisfaction: Leaue I had; Away I went, and imediately returned: They asked me, if I had yet resolued, and whether

ther I would come to Confeſsion: I told them, I had been at Confeſsion already: One of them demaunded, with whome? I anſwered, with God the Father: And with nobody elſe (ſayd the other?) Yes, (quoth I,) and with Ieſus Chriſt, my Redeemer, who hath both power and will, to forgiue all Men their Sinnes, that truely Repent; Before theſe Two, haue I falne on my knees, and Confeſt my grieuous offences, and truſt, they will giue me a free Abſolution, and Pardon.

Pike at Confeſsion, but with no Friers

What thinke you of the Pope? ſayd Father *Iohn*: I anſwered, I knew him not: They, hereupon, ſhaking their heads, told me, they were ſorry for me, and ſo departed.

Whilſt thus I lay in *Sherrys*, the Captaine of the Fort (*Don Franciſco Buſtamente*) was brought in, Priſoner for his Life, becauſe he deliuered vp the Caſtle; but whether he dyed for it, or no, I cannot tell.

The Captaine of the Fort a Priſoner.

My day of Triall being come, I was brought from Priſon, into the Towne of *Sherrys*, by two Drumbes, and a hundred Shotte, before three Dukes, foure Condes, or Earles, foure Marqueſſes, beſides other great Perſons; the towne hauing in it, at leaſt, fiue thouſand Soldiers.

Dnke of *Medina*, D. of *Macada*, D. *Ferdinando*, *Giron*, Marqueſſe *De Algueneezs*, &c.

At my firſt appearing before the Lordes, my Sword lying before them on a Table, the Duke of *Medina* asked me if I knew that Wea-

pon; It was reached to me; I tooke it, and embraced it in mine armes, and with teares in mine eyes, kist the Pomell of it. He then demaunded, how many Men I had kild with that Weapon? I told him, if I had kild One, I had not beene there now, before that Princely Assembly, for when I had him at my foote, begging for Mercy, I gaue him life, yet he, then very poorely, did me a mischiefe: Then they asked *Don Iohn* (my Prisoner) what Woundes I gaue him; He sayd, none: Vpon this he was rebuked, and told; That if vpon our first Encounter, he had run me through, it had beene a faire and Noble Triumph; but so to wound me, being in the hands of others, they held it Base.

Questions by the *Spaniards.*

Then sayd the Duke of *Medyna* to me; Come on *English*-Man, What Shippe came you in? I told him, The *Conuertine*: Who was your Captaine? Captaine *Portar*: What Ordnance carryed your Shippe? I sayd, forty Peices. But the Lords looking all this while on a Paper, which they held in their hands: Duke *Medyna* sayd, In their Note, there was but thirty eight.

In that Paper (as after I was informed, by my two *Irish* Interpreters) there was set downe, the Number of our Shippes, their Burden, Men, Munition, Victuall, Captaines, &c. as perfect, as wee our selues had them

them in *England*.

Of what Strength (quoth another Duke) is the Fort at *Plymouth*? I anſwered, very Strong: What Ordnance in it? Fifty ſayd I: That is not ſo, ſayd he, there is but ſeuenteene: How many Soldiers are in the Fort? I anſwered, two hundred: That is not ſo, (quoth a Conde) there is but twenty.

Marqueſſe *Alquenezes* asked me, Of what ſtrength the little Iland was before *Plymouth*? I told him, I knew not: Then (quoth he) wee doe.

Is *Plymouth* a Walled Towne? Yes my Lords: And a good Wall? Yes ſayd I, a very good Wall: True, ſayd a Duke, to leape ouer with a Staffe. And hath the Towne, ſayd the Duke of *Medyna*, ſtrong Gates? Yes: But, quoth he, there was neither Wood nor Iron to thoſe Gates, but two dayes before your Fleete came away.

Now, before I goe any farther, let me not forget to tell you, that my two *Iriſh* Confeſſors, had been heere in *England* the laſt Summer, & when our Fleete came from *England*, they came for *Spaine*; Hauing ſeene our King at *Plymouth*, when the Soldiers there ſhewed their Armes, and did then diligently obſerue what the King did, and how he carried himſelfe.

How chance (ſayd Duke *Giron*) did you not

in

in all this Brauery of the Fleete take *Cales*, as you tooke *Puntall?* I replyed, that the Lord Generall might easily haue taken *Cales*, for he had neere a thousand Scaling Ladders to set vp, and a thousand Men to loose; but he was loath to rob an Almeshouse, hauing a better Market to goe to: *Cales*, I told them, was held Poore, Vnmand, and Vnmunitioned: What better Market, sayd *Medyna?* I told him, *Genoa*, or *Lisbone*, and as I heard, there was instantly, vpon this, an Army of sixe thousand Soldiers sent to *Lisbone*.

Then, quoth one of the Earles, when thou meetst me in *Plymouth*, wilt thou bid me welcome? I modestly told him, I could wish, they would not too hastely come to *Plymouth*, for they should finde it another manner of place, then as now they sleight it.

Many other Questions were put to me by these great Dons, which so well as God did enable me, I answered, they speaking in *Spanish*, and their words interpreted to me, by those two *Irish* Men before spoken of, who also relate my seuerall answers to the Lords.

And by the common People, who encompast me round, many ieerings, mockeries, scornes, and bitter iests, were to my face throwne vpon our Nation, which I durst not so much as bite my lippe against, but with an inforced patient care stood still, and let them

runne

runne on in their Reuilings.

At the length, amongſt many other repro-ches, and ſpightfull Names, one of the *Spani-ardes* called *Engliſh* Men *Gallinas*, (Hennes;) At which, the great Lordes fell a laughing: Herevpon, one of the Dukes (poynting to the *Spaniſh* Soldiers,) bid me note how their King kept them; And indeed, they were all won-derous braue in Apparell, Hattes, Bandes, Cuffes, Garters, &c, and ſome of them in Chaines of Gold: And asked farther, If I thought theſe would prooue ſuch *Hennes* as our *Engliſh*, when next yeare they ſhould come into *England*? I ſayd no: But being ſomewhat imboldned by his merry Counte-nance, I told him as merily, I thought they would be within one degree of *Hennes*: What meanſt thou by that, ſayd a Conde? I reply-ed, they would prooue *Pullets*, or *Chickens*. Durſt thou then (quoth Duke *Medyna*, with a brow halfe angry) fight with one of theſe *Spaniſh Pullets*.

O my Lord, ſayd I, I am a Priſoner, and my Life at Stake, and therefore dare not be ſo bold to aduenture vpon any ſuch Action: There were heere of vs *Engliſh*, ſome foure-teene Thouſand, in which Number, there were aboue twelue Thouſand, better, & ſtou-ter Men then euer I ſhall be; Yet, with the licence of this Princely Aſſembly, I dare ha-

zard the breaking of a Rapier; And withall, told him, Hee was vnworthy the Name of an *English* Man, that should refuse to Fight with one Man of any Nation whatsoeuer. Hereupon, my Shackells were knockt off, and my Iron Ring and Chayne taken from my Neck.

A Fight betweene *Peeke*, & a *Spaniard*.

Roome was made for the Combatants, Rapier and Dagger the Weapons: A *Spanish* Champion presents himselfe, Named *Signior Tiago*; When after wee had played some reasonable good time, I disarmed, him as thus.

I caught his Rapier betwixt the Barres of my Poniard, and there held it, till I closed in with him, and tripping vp his Heeles, I tooke his Weapons out of his hands, and deliuered them to the Dukes.

I could wish, that all you, my deere Countrey-men, who reade this Relation, had either bin there, without danger, to haue beheld vs; Or, that He with whome I fought, were heer in Person, to iustifie the issue of that Combat.

I was then demaunded, If I durst Fight against an other? I told them, my heart was good to aduenture; but humbly requested them, to giue me pardon, if I refused.

For, to my selfe I too well knew, that the *Spaniard* is Haughty, Impatient of the least affront; And when he receiues but a Touch of any Dishonor, Disgrace, or Blemish, (especially

ally in his owne Countrey, and from an *Engliſh* Man,) his Reuenge is implacable, mortall, and bloudy.

Yet being by the Noblemen, preſſed agen, and agen, to try my Fortune with an other, I (ſeeing my Life in the Lyons paw, to ſtruggle with whome for ſafety, there was no way but one, and being afrayd to diſpleaſe them,) ſayd, That if their Graces, and Greatneſſes, would giue me leaue to play at mine Owne Countrey Weapon, called the *Quarter-Staffe*, I was then ready there, an Oppoſite, againſt any Commer, whome they would call foorth; and would willingly lay downe my Life before thoſe Princes, to doe them Seruice; prouided, my Life might by no foule meanes be taken from me.

Herevpó, the head of a Halbert, which went with a Screw, was taken off, and the Steall deliuered to me; the other But-end of the Staffe hauing a ſhort Iron Pike in it: This was my Armor, and in my place I ſtood, expecting an Opponent.

The Quarter-Staffe againſt three Rapiers.

At the laſt, a hanſome and well Spirited *Spaniard* ſteps foorth, with his Rapier and Poniard: They asked me, what I ſayd to Him? I told them, I had a ſure Friend in my hand, that neuer failed me, and therefore made little account of that One to play with, and ſhould ſhew them no Sport.

Then, a Second (Arm'd as before) preſents himſelfe: I demanded, if there would come no more? The Dukes asked, how many I deſired? I told them, any number vnder Sixe: Which reſolution of mine, they ſmiling at, in a kind of ſcorne, held it not Manly, (it ſeemed,) nor fit for their owne Honors, and Glory of their Nation, to worry one Man with a Multitude; and therefore appointed Three onely, (ſo Weapond) to enter into the Liſtes.

Now Gentlemen, if here you condemne mee, for plucking (with mine owne hands) ſuch an aſſured danger, vpon mine owne head; Accept of theſe Reaſons for excuſe.

To dye, I thought it moſt certaine, but to dye baſely, I would not: For Three to kill One, had bin to Mee no Diſhonor; To Them (Weapons conſidered,) no Glory; An Honorable Subiection, I eſteemed better, then an Ignoble Conqueſt. Vpon theſe Thoughts, I fell to it.

The Rapier Men trauerſt their ground, I, mine; Dangerous Thruſts were put in, and with dangerous hazard auoyded: Showtes ecchoed to Heauen, to encourage the *Spaniards*; Not a ſhoute, nor Hand, to hearten the poore *Engliſh* Man; Onely, Heauen I had in mine Eye, the Honor of my Countrey in my Heart, my Fame at the Stake, my Life on a narrow Bridge, and Death both before me

and

and behind me.

It was not now a time to dally, they ſtill made full at me; And I had beene a Coward to my Selfe, and a Villane to my Nation, if I had not called vp all that weake Manhood which was mine, to guard my owne Life, and ouerthrow my Enemies.

Plucking vp therefore a good heart, ſeeing my ſelfe faint and wearied, I vowed to my Soule, to doe ſomething, ere ſhe departed from me: And ſo ſetting All vpon One Caſt, It was my Good Fortune (it was my God did it for Mee) with the But-end where the Iron Pike was, to Kill one of the Three; and within a few Boutes after, to Diſarme the other two, cauſing the One of them to fly into the Armie of Soldiers then preſent, and the Other for refuge fled behind the Bench.

I hope, if the brauing *Spaniards* ſet vpon *England* (as they threaten,) we ſhall euery One of vs, giue the repulſe to more then Three; Of which good Iſſue for the Publique, I take this my Priuate ſucceſſe to be a Pledge.

Now was I in greater Danger, being (as I thought) in Peace, then before, when I was in Battaile: For, a generall Murmure filled the Ayre, with Threatnings at me; the Soldiers eſpecially bit their thumbes, and how was it poſſible for me to ſcape?

Which, the Noble Duke of *Medina Sidonia*

seeing, called me to him, and instantly causèd Proclamation to be made, that none, on paine of death, should meddle with mee; And by his Honorable Protection, I got off; And not off, onely with Safety, but with Money. For by the Dukes and Condes, were giuen me in Gold, to the value of foure Pounds tenne Shillings sterling; and by the Marquesse *Alquenezes* himselfe, as much; He embracing me in his Armes, and bestowing vpon me, that long *Spanish* Russet Cloake I now weare, which he tooke from one of his Mens backs; And withall, furnished me with a cleane Band and Cuffes; It being one of the greatest Fauours, a *Spanish* Lord can doe to a meane Man, to reward him with some Garment, as recompence of Merrit.

The braue mindle of *Medina.*

After our Fight in *Sherris*, I was kept in the Marquesse *Alquenezes* House, who one day (out of his Noble affability) was pleasant in speech with me; And by my Interpreter, desired I would Sing: I willing to obey him (whose goodnesse I had tasted,) did so, and sung this Psalme: *When as we sate in Babilon, &c.* The meaning of which being told, he saide to me, *English* Man, comfort thy selfe, for thou art in no Captiuity.

After this, I was sent to the King of *Spaine*, lying at *Madrill*; My Conduct being foure Gentlemen of the Marquesse *Alquenezes*; He allowing

Peeke sent to the King at *Madrill.*

allowing vnto me, in the Iourney, twenty Shillings a day when wee Trauelled, and ten Shillings a day when we lay ſtill.

At my being in *Madrill*, before I ſaw the King; My Entertainement (by the Marqueſſe *Alquenezes* appointment,) was at his owne Houſe, where I was lodged in the moſt ſumptuous Bedde that euer I beheld; and had from his Noble Lady, a Welcome farre aboue my poore deſeruing but worthy the Greatneſſe of ſo excellent a Woman; She beſtowing vpon me, whilſt I lay in her Houſe a very faire *Spaniſh* Shirt, richly Laced, and at my parting from *Madrill*, a Chayne of Gold, and two Iewells for my Wife, and other pretty Thinges for my Children.

A Noble *Spaniſh* Lady.

And now that her Noble Courteſies together, with my owne Thankefullnes, leade me to ſpeake of this Honorable *Spaniſh* Lady; I might very iuſtly be condemned of Ingratitude, if I ſhould not remember, with like acknowledgement, another rare Patterne of Feminine goodnes, to me, a diſtreſſed, miſerable Stranger: And that was, the Lady of *Don Iohn* of *Cales*; She, out of a Reſpect ſhe bare me, for ſauing her Husbands Life, came along with him to *Sherrys*, He being there to giue in Euidence againſt me; And as before, when I lay Priſoner in *Cales*, ſo in *Sherrys*, ſhe often relieued me with Money, and other Meanes;

Another,

My

My Duty and Thankes euer wayte vpon them Both.

Vpon *Christmas-day*, I was Presented to the King, the Queene, and *Don Carolo* the *Infante*.

Being brought before him, I fell (as it was fitt) on my Knees: Many Questions were demanded of me, which so well as my plaine witte directed me, I resolued.

In the end, his Maiesty offered me a Yearely Pention, (to a good Vallew) if I would Serue him, eyther at Land or at Sea; For which his Royall Fauors, I confessing my selfe infinitely Bound, and my Life indebted to his Mercy, most humbly intreated, that with his Princely Leaue, I might be suffered to returne into mine owne Countrey, being a Subiect onely to the King of *England*, my Souereigne.

And besides that Bond of Allegiance, there was another Obligation, due from me, to a Wife and Children; And therefore, most submissiuely beg'd, that his Maiesty would be so Princely minded, as to pitty my Estate, and to let me goe: To which he at last granted; Bestowing vpon me, one hundred Pistolets, to beare my Charges.

Hauing thus left *Spaine*, I tooke my way through some part of *France*; Where, by occasion, happening into Company of seuen *Spaniards*, their Tongues were too lauish in

Speeches

Speeches againſt our Nation; Vpon which, ſome high words flying vp and downe the Roome, I leaped from the Table, and drew.

One of the *Spaniards* did the like (none of the reſt being Weaponed, which was more then I knew.)

Vpon the noiſe of this Buſtling, two *Engliſh* Men more came in, Who vnderſtanding the Abuſes offered to our Countrey, the (*Spaniards* in a ſhort time, Recanted on their Knees) their Raſhneſſe.

And ſo hoyſing Saile for *England*; I Landed on the three and twenty day of Aprill, 1626. at *Foy* in *Cornewall*.

And thus endeth my *Spaniſh* Pilgrimage: With thankes to my good God, that in this extraordinary Manner preſerued me, amidſt theſe deſperate Dangers.

Therefore moſt gratious God, (Defender of Men abroad, and Protector of them at home,) How am I bounden to thy Diuine Maieſtie, for thy manifold Mercies?

On my Knees I thanke thee, with my Tongue I will praiſe thee, with my Handes Fight in thy Quarrell, and all the daies of my Life ſerue thee.

Out of the Red-Sea, I haue escaped; From the Lyons Den, bin deliuered; I releued from Death, and snatcht out of the Iawes of Destruction, onely by Thee, O my God; Glory be to thy Name, for euer, and euer. *Amen.*

Certaine Verſes, VVritten by a Friend, in Comendations of the Author *Richard Peeke.*

SEldome doe Clowdes ſo dimne the day,
But *Sol* will once his Beames diſplay:
Though *Neptune* driues the ſurging Seas,
Sometimes he giues them quiet eaſe;
And ſo few Proiects ſpeed ſo ill,
But ſomewhat chaunceth at our will.

I will not inſtance in the Great,
Placed in Honors higher Seate;
Though Vertue in a Noble Line,
Commonis't, and the more doth ſhine:
Yet this is proou'd by Sword and Pen,
Deſert oft dwells in priuate Men.

My proofe is not farre hence to ſeeke,
There is at hand braue *Richard Peeke*,
Whoſe worth his Foes cannot reuoke,
Borne in the Towne of *Tauyſtoke*
In *Deuon*, where *Minerua* ſitts
Shaping ſtoute Hearts, and pregnant Witts.

Three to One: Being,

This well reſolu'd and hardy Spar ke,
Aymingat Fame, as at a Marke,
Was not compell'd againſt his will,
In *Mars* his field to try his skill:
As Voluntary he did goe,
To ſerue his King againſt his Foe.

If he had pleas'd, he might haue ſpent
His daies at home, in ſafe content:
But nurcing Valour in his breſt,
He would aduenture with the Beſt,
Willing to ſhed his deareſt blood,
To doe his Prince, and Countrey good.

Thus bent, he adding Winges to Feete,
Departed with the *Engliſh* Fleete:
There was no rub, nor ſtay at all,
The Shipps ſaild with a pleaſant Gale:
In ſetting forth they by their hap,
Seem'd lul'd in *Amphitrites* lap.

At length they did arriue at *Cales*,
Where reſtleſs *Peeke* againſt the Walles
Made foureſcore Shot towards the Shore,
Making the Welkyn wide to rore:
He kept his ſtanding in this ſtrife,
Setting a ſtraw by loſſe of life.

Into a Vineyard afterward
He marcht, and ſtood vpon his guard;
There he an Horſe-man did diſmount,
By outward port of good account:
But did on him compaſſion take,
And ſpar'd his life for pitties ſake.

The

The next aſſault, vneuen he felt,
For with twelue *Spaniards* he dealt
At once, and held them luſty play,
Vntill through odds, theirs was the day:
From eare to eare they pearc'd his head,
And to the Towne him Captiue led.

In Priſon they him ſhut by night,
Loaden with Chaines of greeuous waight,
All comfortleſſe in Dungion deepe,
Where Stench annoyes, and Vermines creepe:
He grouel'd in this loathſome Cell,
Where gaſtly frights and horrors dwell.

Yet nothing could his courage quaile,
Hunger, nor thirſt, nor wound, nor Iayle:
For being brought before a *Don*,
And askt, Why *England* did ſet on
A ſcraping, not a pecking *Hen*?
He anſwer'd, ſtaine not *Engliſh-men*.

That *England* is a Nation ſtoute,
And till the laſt will fight it out:
My ſelfe could prooue by Chiualrie,
If for a Captiue this were free:
Why, (quoth the Duke) darſt thou to fight
With any of my Men in fight?

Of thouſands whom in Warre you vſe,
Not one (quoth *Peeke*) doe I refuſe:
A choſen Champion then there came,
Whoſe heeles he tript, as at a game,
And from his Hand his Rapier tooke,
Preſenting it vnto the Duke.

Then three at once did him oppoſe,
They Rapiers, he a long Staffe choſe,
The vſe whereof ſo well he knowes,
He conquer'd them with nimble blowes:
One that beſide him playd his round,
He threw as dead vnto the ground.

The Noble Duke who this did ſee,
Commended *Peeke*, and ſet him free;
He gaue him Guifts, and did commaund
That none ſhould wrong him in their Land;
So well he did him entertayne,
And ſent him to the Court of *Spayne*.

There he was fed with no worſe meate,
Then which the King himſelfe did eate;
His Lodging rich, for he did lie
In furniture of Tapeſtrie:
The King what of him he had heard,
Did with his Treaſure well reward.

Our then Ambaſſador was there,
Peekes Pike and praiſe he doth declare:
At *Spaniſh* Court whiles he attends,
He thriues for Vertues ſake: as Friends
Foes ſent him in triumphant ſort
Home from a Foe and Forreigne Port.

If thus his very Foes him lou'd,
And Deeds againſt themſelues aproou'd;
How ſhould his Friends his loue embrace,
And yeild him countenance and grace?
The praiſe and worth how can we cloke
Of manly *Peeke* of *Tanyſteke*?

FINIS. T. D.